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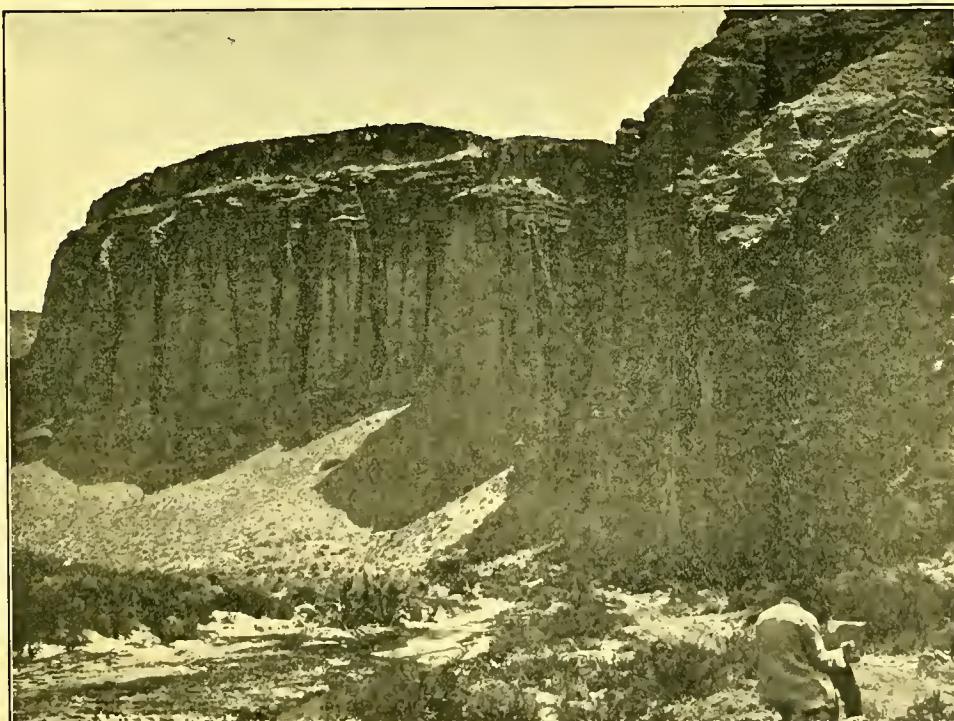
THE NEW ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE S. P. L. A. AND SALT LAKE.

MANY of the readers of the JUVENILE who cannot take a trip over this new route, from Salt Lake to the Pacific Coast, may like to know something of the scenic at-

tractions and other features noticeable on this new highway which now claims our patronage.

That which is now an accomplished fact was a long time under consideration;



TEMPLE ROCKS, MEADOW VALLEY WASH.

we have been many times assured by the daily papers that it would be built, but for years we have been disappointed. First the road ran as far as Milford, then a long stop, until A. W. McCune built about seventy-five miles westward to the Nevada line. Afterwards the Union Pacific, at great expense, built as far as the Clover Valley Wash, then another long stop. It would take quite a time to tell of the movements that led up to Senator Clark of Montana taking hold of the enterprise. But it is sufficient to say that his money and personal interest have brought the long-looked-for enterprise to a finish. It can now be called one of the best railroads in the west. Nothing has been omitted to make it an entire success in all its details. Very soon it will be a question of one day's travel to land us from our mountain climate to summer-land in midwinter.

It is regrettable that the main line should leave our valleys and cities unseen by the strangers bound for the coast—our Utah Lake, our Mount Nebo, our fertile valleys reaching nearly to Lynn, the junction of the cut-off, are lost to sight. The cut-off takes us around by old Garfield Beach, E. T. City, Erda, Tooele and Stockton, thence along Rush Valley with the West Mountains on our left where the mining camp of Mercur is located. Eureka, Robinson and Silver City are in the Tintic range, all on the east side of the train. Sage brush plains are on both sides of the track as we approach Lynn and on to Milford. The cut-off is straighter and capable of carrying heavier trains than the old road. The distance saved is sixteen miles. Early morning brings us to Milford, whence we can go to Beaver City, Frisco, and the mining camp of Newhouse. Near Milford the road takes a sharp turn to the southwest over the Escalante desert, almost as level as a floor and innocent of any stream of water

anywhere in sight. Away to the south-east are seen the mountains east of Parowan, Cedar City, Paragonah and Kanarra. The low hills in the middle distance contain the world's supply of iron ore, the greatest deposits on the known globe. At Lund, we can leave by coach for Cedar City, distant thirty-five miles. At Modena we may take the stage for St. George, sixty miles to the south.

It may interest some of my readers to know the elevation of the different points. Let us begin with Salt Lake, which has an elevation of 4260 feet; Tooele, 4892; Stockton, 5071; Tintic Junction, opposite Eureka, 5839; Lynn, 4786; Milford, 4969; Lund, 5093; Uvada, 5671; Crestline, the highest point on the road is 5985. This is "the rim of the basin." Wherever water is found from this point westward, it will run towards the Pacific if it does not dry up before it gets there.

I hardly think the managers of the Salt Lake Route will brag up the scenic effects along the line, but scenery is not the only thing that should interest mankind. Geology and botany are valuable when scenery is unattractive, and combine to make a trip over a desert interesting, for in the spring these open valleys are radiant with the bloom of wild flowers. Passing Crestline, our road descends through Clover Valley Wash and passes through five tunnels and near a splendid spring of pure water which is very acceptable, and more valuable than a gold mine in this parched up country. Calientes is reached, elevation 4403. This is as its name implies a warm spot in midsummer. The Meadow Valley Wash in which the town is located is a broad open canon with huge flaming rocks on each side, a few of them rising as high as two thousand feet. Box canons are found on both sides. The stream of water is very thin. Some good ranches are seen on the bottoms and also groves of cotton

wood trees. Here is where your interest in botany increases, for the sage brush begins to be rarely seen, but huge groups of the Spanish bayonet, the barrel cactus, the mesquit and the misscrew, indicate a hotter climate. In some places the Indians of a past age have hammered the rocks and left marks of their artistic skill. At Huntsman's Ranche you can see pictures of Indians on horseback—a photograph of the sculptured rocks is reproduced.

is located on Muddy Creek, and is about twenty-five miles from St. Thomas, where the Mormons had a settlement in 1870. The Colorado River is not far distant. Other villages were also built on the same stream, but on account of the many difficulties incident to pioneer work in that locality, and the great distance from a market, they were abandoned soon after. Now that the railroad is near by, vast tracts of rich land are being brought into cultivation and we are enabled in



PICTURE ROCKS, MEADOW VALLEY WASH.

On a few of the cliffs are colors so varied that we are reminded of an artist's palette. Then some are steeple shaped. I must beg of my readers not to forget this natural waterway. The country becomes less interesting from a scenic standpoint. We have been descending rapidly from Calientes to Moapa, where the elevation is 1611 feet. This station

Salt Lake City to buy early vegetables raised on the Muddy bottoms. From ten to twenty packages are shipped in via the new route, daily by express. The products are superior to the early California vegetables. We are promised green peas and other "garden truck" a month earlier than they can be produced in Utah.

Moapa consists of a rock store and a

few tents. It is near the reservation of the Pieder Indians, who are becoming scarcer every year. They are noted for copying faithfully all the bad habits of the white race and very few of the nobler traits. Their women are good washer-women; the men are lazy as a sloth.

The Muddy stream is one of the only two streams in Nevada that reach the ocean, the John Day River being the other one. Many of the other streams run into sinks that evaporate in summer time, leaving vast barren bottoms called dry lakes. Some of these are seen from the cars as we proceed westward.

Stretches of broad open country with distant mountains are the prevailing features. Las Vegas, (The Meadows) elevation 2023, is the next point of interest reached on our pilgrimage. Near the station which now consists of a passenger car is the famous Stewart Ranche, located

that forms a barrier on the north to the valley below. The fertility of this plain is unexcelled. It is the oasis par excellence on the weary tramp of the freighters who used to go from Utah to San Bernardino in the winter time, before the advent of the railroads into Utah. Senator Clark bought up the spring, which took the form of a good sized creek, and a large tract of land for \$65,000.00. When the lots were sold on May 10th, the sales on this tract had reached \$200,000. Some men never look ahead: some do. At present the Armour Packing Co., has some fine frame buildings. The rest of the hotels and stores are canvas tents and rude lumber shacks. From here vast quantities of supplies are freighted by team to Bullfrog, Rhywhite and other mining camps one hundred miles north. The population is cosmopolitan. Nearly every civilized nation is represented



THE LEADING HOTEL, LAS VEGAS.

in a broad, open, level plain. On the north is the Charleston Mountain, whose silver summit reaches about 10,450 feet. It is located in a grand mountain chain

There are all the features of pioneer life in Ragtown, on the north side of the track, where bad whiskey produces direful results. On the south side Clarktown

is the temperance section. I did not notice one saloon, and did not look for one, where the future permanent city will be located. Many stories are told of the early experiences of men who visited Las Vegas in the fifties. Some of our Mormon missionaries were sent there to visit the Indians and look into the character of the country for settlement. When they reached there, many of the Indians had never seen a white man before. Elders Amasa M. Lyman and Chas. C. Rich passed through here in the fifties on their way to the coast, looking for a place for settlement for future emigrants. The great pathfinder, John C. Fremont, mentions this fertile spot. Very soon a city will be erected here. It is the only spot suitable for a large one to be founded on the entire route between San Bernardino and Salt Lake.

The absence of trees is a marked feature on the new route. Most of Nevada is treeless, unless you call the yuccas trees. Here and there from Calientes small specimens of these are to be seen. This desert growth is quite remarkable. Some people in southern Utah call them Joshuas, why, I do not know. They are trees to all appearance, but they are unlike wooden trees. Their substance is spongy and soft, but in the month of June they bloom beautifully; huge stalks of white flowers crown their summits.

As we proceed westward, the road climbs the hill sides. More plains, waterless, treeless; still climbing until Kesler Summit is reached (elevation 4190). Here and there are seen broad flat stretches of barren sand, called dry lakes, spots where the surplus water of winter gathers, and are then evaporated as the hot weather comes on.

The famous region known as Death Valley lies to the north west of the road. It is a depression below the level of the sea, very hot, dry and poorly watered.

Many a weary and worn emigrant has perished in the confines of this, the hottest place in Nevada. Rich stores of minerals and borax are found here. Most of the country where now is found rich mines of gold has been regarded as unfit for the abode of man, but the dauntless miner cares but little for woodland and streams when the grand hunt for gold controls him. From Kesler Summit, down we drop to Soda Lake, 956 feet above sea level, then another climb up to Daggett (elevation 1906), the junction of the Santa Fe Railroad. Along this part the yuccas are stately and large. The desert growths are all different from those in higher altitudes.

It was dark when this point was reached, and little could be seen of the famous canon where the road runs through Cajon Pass (pronounced Cahoon), a rift in the mountain chain that is found east of the great plain on which flourishes the orange and the vine in California. Morning found us in San Bernardino, a city of peculiar interest to the Mormons, who, next to the Padres, settled this region. On the mountain side is found an arrow-head which is now not at its best, having been spoiled by a landslide and the burning of brush which formed a rim of green around the barren spot, which made it look like an arrow-head. The Salt Lake Route has adopted the noted feature as a trade mark. It was a happy thought.

I hunted for some relics of the early settlers, but alas, there were none to be found. Very few remain of those who first located there, everything looks new in the city.

We have now landed in the paradise of the Pacific Coast. Everything that grows has a different look compared with the desert vegetation. Most of the products that man enjoys in fruits and vegetables reach perfection in this region.

We leave the Santa Fe Road over

which we have been traveling from Daggett and take the Salt Lake Route. From this point to the terminus of the road it is a scene of luxuriant growth. We pass through orange groves, avenues of pepper trees and desert palms. Near Riverside is the famous concrete bridge over the Santa Ana River. Every foot of land near the track is under cultivation. There are miles and miles of vineyards, walnut trees and other fruit bearing growths. The foothills are green from base to sum-

ful growths with which nature has so lavishly covered this fertile land. All the choicest flowers over which we keep a watchful eye against the ravages of winter, bloom luxuriantly, while we are hunting a warm corner in our mountain homes.

We reach Los Angeles early in the morning. This is the metropolis of southern California. Eastern men of means have helped to make this a city of marvelous growth. When I first saw it in



ARROW HEAD MOUNTAIN.

mit, while the snow-capped mountains on the east complete the picture of summer and winter combined.

The best literary talent has been engaged to do justice to the charms of Lower California, and volumes of laudatory praise have been scattered all over the world. All that they have ever written does not do justice to the facts. As the study of nature is growing among intelligent people, so the charms of California increase in value, for on every hand are volumes unwritten on the beauti-

1880, it was as sleepy as all cities are under Mexican influence. It is a seething cauldron of activity now. It brags of a population of 200,000; it has the best electric car service of any city I have ever visited; it hangs its wires on supports stretched from house to house across the street; it is a cheap city to live in if you want to be economical; it is high priced if you are wealthy and used to high prices; it is picturesque; it has beautiful parks; it has wonderful oil wells within its borders; there are no more beautiful

homes anywhere than can be found in it and its suburb, Pasadena. The population is made up of a cultured, intelligent element that has seen the world. In fact it is just such a place that Utah people can hope to visit, and if prepared to stay during the cold winter months, will enjoy the change.

We have a good sized colony of the Church there. Elder H. C. Jacobsen, 112 North Spring Street, is president of the branch. Any of our people can apply to him for information when arriving

into the sea. Our road follows around the beach as far as Terminal Island. This is the end of our jaunt from mountain top to old ocean, via the San Pedro Route. But the company, not content to stop at the water's edge, will not be satisfied unless you take the steamer to Catalina Island, thirty miles away. By all means take this trip. You may feel somewhat disturbed internally when on old ocean, but you will soon recover as the cliffs loom up and the flying fish dart around you. Everything will be new and start-



SAN PEDRO HARBOR.

there as strangers. It is not my intention to go into particulars about the attractions of California. You can get this in a hundred pamphlets scattered by the railroad companies, but as we started for the terminus, we will go from Los Angeles to San Pedro Harbor, passing through the highly cultivated fields leading to Long Beach, twenty-two miles south. Here we reach the mighty Pacific Ocean. Here is a famous bathing resort; here is a temperance town; here is a long pier stretching

ling to those who have never been upon the mighty deep, but it will prove a delightful experience, and one you will never forget. Once upon land in the beautiful cove, board one of the glass bottomed boats, look into the ocean gardens, listen to the fish stories, and take in the beautiful views around you and then send a wireless aerogram to your friends, which you can do from one of the bluffs near the ocean beach.

C. R. Savage.

PERSONALITY AFTER THE RESURRECTION.

[The heading of this article is the subject of a well written article in the Sunday School *Times* of April 15, this year. It will perhaps seem strange to many of our young people that any Christian people in the world should question the continuance of our personality after the resurrection, in view of the appearance of Jesus as a person among His disciples, with whom He walked, talked, and ate. Yet it is held very generally among Christian believers that in the resurrection we shall be some sort of a spiritual entity quite different from our appearance in mortal life. In view of the direct and emphatic teaching of the New Testament, it is difficult to comprehend how Christians of the world generally can be so mystified on the subject. The article which is herewith copied advocates the continuance of our personality after the resurrection.

A distinction is drawn by the Christian sects between personality and individuality. Very many believe in the continuance of our individuality who disbelieve in our personality in the resurrection. That which they call individuality is by them termed the spiritual essence through which the body manifests itself, and they somehow or other have the notion that that spiritual essence may exist separate from the body.

Of course there is a spirit in man as the Latter-day Saints believe, but we believe that the spirit and the body combined are more exalted than the spirit alone, or, in other words, we believe that the body was intended by our Creator and is a help to the spirit, and not, as many of the Christians believe, a hindrance to it. We, therefore, exalt the body as well as the spirit, and we believe that both will be sanctified and made eternal and perfect through the power of God and our own faithfulness.

It is strange that Bible students should exalt individuality, meaning thereby the spirit and character of man, above his personality. As a matter of fact, that which they call individuality is merely an attribute of the person and they could have no conception whatever of an individuality separate and apart from the person of man. It is the old, old story of substituting a part for the whole; and such errors will continue to exist as long as men deny the personality of God the Father. While they deny His personality, they generally admit that He has an individuality and draw the same distinctions between His personality and His individuality that they

do between those of man after the resurrection. But this whole distinction is contrary to the plain lesson and teaching of Christ's personality after the resurrection.

It is assuring, however, to witness the gradual approach to the great fundamental principles of religious life taught by the Prophet Joseph. These changes point to a conversion in a general way of the Christian world where individual conversion to repentance and baptism and the acknowledgement of God's authority upon the earth is not yet observed. It is at least encouraging to see these notable changes in the theories of religion even though the men who advocate them undergo no changes of heart. The article which follows will create wonderment in the minds of thousands of people throughout Christendom, while to the Latter-day Saints it will simply be a matter of course, the plain teaching of Holy Writ.—Editor JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.]



HE resurrection of Jesus is a revelation of the persistence of personality. All the narratives of the appearances show clearly that the disciples, when permitted, recognized the very Jesus whom they had known. There is some uncertainty of physical recognition, but Mary knows the Lord who calls her by name; the two disciples recognize Him as He breaks the bread, and finally understand why their hearts burned within them by the way; the gathering company in the upper room are convinced that it is Jesus and no apparition; Thomas knows the Lord who appeals to his heart. Jesus Himself, as He speaks to one company and another, is insistent that it is He Himself, the same Friend, Teacher, Lord whom they had known so intimately through the months of discipleship.

Indeed, before the crucifixion, Jesus had spoken as confidently of His own continuous existence. On the last night He had said to the disciples, "Abide in me, and I in you." He knew well that He was going away, yet spoke as one who

should remain. There are no discourses of Jesus where the first personal pronoun occurs so frequently as in those of the upper room, showing clearly his consciousness of the persistence of personality through and in spite of the ordeal of death.

We are justified, therefore, in regarding the resurrection of Jesus and His manifestation to His disciples as a revelation of the continuance of the human spirit. Our Lord in no way separated Himself from us, but declared expressly, "Because I live, ye shall live also." And the apostolic argument was always that Jesus was "the first fruits of them that are asleep."—His life the promise of life for all believers.

When we confidently accept the resurrection of Jesus as a revelation of personal identity beyond the grave, many speculations are at once disposed of. The pantheistic theory of an absorption of the individual in the eternal infinite is disproved. Man is not a drop, isolated for a moment, mingling again with the ocean of being, losing his identity forever. He is a person forever. So, too, the curious fancy that the human spirit after death may appear in some animal or other human reincarnation is denied. The risen Christ was not a reincarnation. He said to His disciples, "It is I myself," and they knew Him and believed.

Of course, neither of these views has ever found much favor among Christians. But the notion has often been held that the human spirit would become a celestial being, a creature of another kind, something more or less than a man, perhaps an angel. But Jesus was Jesus, and He is still. Death and resurrection, changing wonderfully the conditions of his life, wrought no change upon that life itself. He was the same person.

It is an interesting question whether this fact of the persistence of personality

is not contrary to the common view of the perfecting of the soul after death. Shall two Christians of immeasurably different moral attainment each become immediately perfect through the simple process of passing through death? That would certainly minimize the importance of the moral struggle of this world, and would detract from the idea of real personality. If John the beloved and the thief on the cross are both perfect, (using the term in its full moral import) the moment death is passed, then character would be a creation instead of a moral achievement. To be sure, the perfectness of Jesus in His earthly life gave no opportunity for a moral transformation after death, but the fact that He was Himself and none other when He rose, may well make us believe that we shall be ourselves. We shall be purified indeed. The change from the earthly, material, physical conditions may well enable the spirit to live its best self, free from sin. But change of conditions does not make character. We have no right to expect a transformation that would make our personality unreal.

All that is at all
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand
sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops; potter and clay
endure.

If each of us is to live on as surely as Jesus lives, then individual life must be of the highest significance. And if each of us is to live on as his real self, then all that enters into the making of personality is of supreme importance. Whittier said most justly, "Only personal qualities endure." He was speaking, perhaps, particularly of this life. It is true for the life that now is, and also for that which is to come. The fine hand cunning of the artisan or artist, the intellect-

ual power of the scholar, the keenness and resourcefulness of the man of affairs, can last but a few decades. It seems pitiable that a man should strive so hard and that all should come to an end so soon. Pitiable indeed, if the man were only the artist, the scholar, the merchant!

But a man is more than his craft. The acquisition and employment of his powers of brain and hand have made a certain quality of man. It is that man, his personality and influence that abides. Jesus was a carpenter for many years, surely a good one, a faithful one; he was a student, earnest and thoughtful; he was a teacher; but he was more than all these. He was Jesus. He became the Jesus whom we know and love and worship through the carpentership and the studentship and the teachership. These were the means of developing obedience, faithfulness, truth, kindness, reverence, love. And these qualities of personality never die. The spirit never grows old. Goodness is never superseded. Love never faileth.

The Easter message is that we shall look through things to realities. Possessions and professions and material conditions are for the making of persons. They change and pass. Personality endures. The important consideration is "I," not "mine." Possessions may come, and I be the poorer, if they make me proud and selfish; or richer, if they make me noble, considerate and generous. Losses may come, and I be the richer, if

I am strong, trustful and uncomplaining, with no bitterness, or I may be poor indeed if I lose my faith and hope and joy. So sickness may make me strong, and health unsympathetic, and therefore weak. "To them that love God, all things work together for good."

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,

This Present thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently im-
pressed.

We shall not despise the present nor the things of the present. But we shall see that they are subservient to the great ends of personality. So, indeed, we shall use the present and all its blessed opportunities to the full, and we shall use all things for our joy and good, and for others. We shall not need to be morbidly thinking of the future, for we shall be finding every day the kingdom of God and His righteousness. When John Wesley was solemnly asked how he would live if that day were his last, he replied with healthy Christian common sense, that he would do exactly the duties that he had planned for that day. Jesus is risen, and therefore life is significant as a part of eternity. So Paul's magnificent resurrection argument finds its natural practical conclusion, "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord."



Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another is to guard, and excite and elevate his virtues.

IN OLD OHIO.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

THE young men were not the only ones who heard the clattering of the horsemen. The noise awakened Mr. Ballantyne. During his summer's stay on the Western Reserve he had known of certain deeds of violence of which he had approved. Horse thieves and similar characters had been summarily disposed of by those who were a law unto themselves, while justice winked her unseeing eye, and was glad that the expense of a trial had been spared. Somehow the blind goddess usually took sides with the passions and prejudices of a community, and lawless acts, sanctioned by the courts, were as common in the frontier states of the thirties and forties as they were in California and Nevada only a score of years later. To be unpopular was as much a crime in the nineteenth century, is as much a crime in the twentieth century, as it was when scientists were put to the rack in Italy, and witches were hung in Massachusetts. None the less, it is the unpopular causes that have eventually triumphed and have succeeded in moulding the thought and destinies of mankind. When the man whose name has come down through the pages of history as "The Apostate" exclaimed, "Oh, Galilean, thou hast conquered!" he bore a testimony to the divine mission of Jesus of Nazareth that can never be effaced. Ask Galileo, the philosopher, Wycliff, the priest, Wesley, the "Methodist," Wilberforce, the philanthropist, Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist, and they will each tell the same story—that the despised and persecuted of our generation have been the heroes, the idols, of succeeding ages.

History repeats itself, for the plans of

the Lord are worked out according to an unvarying law, and His work must stand scorn, trial and persecution before the church militant can become the church triumphant. Perhaps no greater seal of divine approval can be put upon the Church of Christ, the "Mormons," as its members are called, than the treatment which it has experienced from the world ever since the time when the boy prophet received his first vision. It took three hundred years for the Church established by the Savior and His apostles to reach the plane for which it was destined, and only twenty-three years before the edict of Constantine the last and greatest persecutions, that of the Emperor Diocletian, was inaugurated. The Latter-day Saints today exceed almost immeasurably, in numbers and in influence, in position and in wealth, the former-day Saints three-quarters of a century after the Church was established. It seems that the prophets of today can exclaim with the assurance of St. John, in the midst of trial and persecution: "Fear not, little flock, for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

But all this is a digression from the story. Ezra Parry's case is not an unusual one. Elders who preach the restored gospel are often assailed by those who have never heard of the Latter-day Saints. The devil has his emissaries who appear as angels of light. Their mission on earth is to fight the truth. They belong to all sects, subscribe to every creed, are in every profession, trade and vocation, in every class of society; and while they may not be conscious of the fact, they are the devil's emissaries, just the same.

Ballantyne listened as the noise came nearer. "Wonder what's up now?" he exclaimed to his wife. Neither of them

dreamed of connecting John Strong with the raid. He was accustomed to spells of moodiness, and one of these might easily account for his absence. However the household was not left long in doubt as to the purprt of the interruption. Off from the main road and directly to the door of the cabin came the party. It was Strong's voice that announced its errand.

"Hello, Mr. Ballantyne, get up a minute. We want to speak with you and we're in a hurry."

"Waal, waal!" the old man said, as he opened the door an instant later. "This is a purty how de do. What do you fellers mean anyhow by wakin' a man out'n his honest sleep in the middle of the night? What's up, boys?"

"We want that ar preacher, if he's a stoppin' here. We don't want no such trash with his new-fangled doctrings about this part of the country, so we kinder made up our minds we'd give him a lift on his journey."

At this sally there was a general laugh of approval from the half-drunken crowd. The speaker was the blacksmith, who had been the leader in every lawless undertaking of the past season. Strong continued the argument more forcibly.

"Mr. Ballantyne, we want to speak with that man, Parry. I know that he is here."

"What in the world do you want of him?" Want to get religion, eh? Thought you wuz pretty well satisfied with your own preachin', anyhow. May be you've met somethin' better?"

"Now, this is no matter for trifling or joking. Here comes a man who is a blasphemer, a man with a new religion, a new prophet, a new Bible. Why, I should think you'd be afraid of being cursed for keeping him under your roo. If he were a Presbyterian, or a Baptist or even a Catholic we wouldn't mind, but a man like this Parry is dangerous and

must leave the country. I should think that you would turn him out for the sake of your family."

"Look a here, John Strong, I never took any stock in your religious notions. I've kept you and boarded you for eight months, even though you did set my wife again' me in the matter of meetin' goin'. Every man has a right to believe what he wants ter, and this man Parry has been a gentleman in my house. I ain't goin' to turn him over to a crowd like this for you nor nobody else. If he's a thief, or a gambler, or runnin' away from the law, bring on your charges, but you've got to lick me before you step inside my door."

"Charges be ——," shouted a voice in the crowd, but it never finished the sentence, for in the doorway back of Ballantyne stood Ezra Parry and David Thompson, prepared alike for peace or war.

Up in the loft every word of the conversation at the door has been heard. Intuitively Parry knew of the purport of the visit. He jumped from his bed and would have gone out without putting on his coat had not Daniel stopped him

"See here, Mr. Parry, don't you hurry down the ladder. I'll get you out the back way and you can hide in the timber until this thing blows over. I'll stay with you tonight. Didn't think Strong would do so mean a trick, but he'll pay for it. Come on; we'll be back for breakfast."

"Much obliged, Mr. Thompson, but I'm not going to run away, and I'm not going to get you folks into any trouble on my account. I have received a promise that if I am faithful no harm shall come to me, and if that promise was divinely inspired it means that I shall be just as safe here as anywhere else in the world. I am going down. Will you come with me?"

So the two young men came down

stairs together, and Daniel, the New England Puritan, felt his soul knit to the soul of the missionary, even as the soul of Jonathan was knit to that of David. An instant they stood in the doorway looking over the shoulders of an old man with unkempt hair, upon a score of horsemen that stood under the trees and the starlit sky. The situation was tense, but a supernatural prompting inspired Parry. He simply said:

"Gentlemen I am here; what is it that you wish?"

"Take him out!" "String him!" "Where's a rail?" were some of the shouts that answered his question. However, there were cooler heads in the mob, and a young farmer demanded silence while he asked.

"Say, mister, what's your business in this country?"

"Don't listen to him," shouted Strong, "run 'im out, scotch him like a coon!"

"No you don't! Fair play, even to the devil, is my motto," and this man shall have his word."

"Gentlemen, listen for a minute, I beg of you. I did not come here to create a disturbance; simply to seek an opportunity to talk to you as man to man. I am a preacher of the gospel and shall be glad to visit any of your homes, or, if I can find a school house in which to talk on next Sunday, I shall be thankful to meet any of you there and to explain the Bible as my people believe it. If you insist

upon it I will go with you rather than cause this good man and his family any trouble. Let me step in front of you, Mr. Ballantyne. I am not afraid."

There is something in true courage that appeals even to brutes, and Ezra Parry's frank statement showed that he was no coward. The crowd began to divide in its opinion as to what should be done, especially as the long ride had driven the whiskey from the heads of the ringleaders. They withdrew to consult as to what course to pursue. Strong was for immediate action. The others favored waiting until after the next Sunday, when the stranger should be given an opportunity of declaring himself. It was the counsel of the moderate party that prevailed. Some came in person to apologize to Farmer Ballantyne and his guest for their intrusion and silently, by twos and threes, the mob dispersed. John Strong was baffled for once. Vowing vengeance not only on the missionary, but on Farmer Ballantyne and Daniel, he sought lodging at one of the nearest farm houses. There was one friendly roof under which he could never sleep again.

"I declare," said Daniel, "the way we got out of that trouble tonight is simply miraculous."

"We have just such miracles every day of our lives if we only recognize the Lord's hand," replied his bedfellow. Then sleep and silence fell over the forest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THOROUGH PREPARATION OF THE SONGS OF THE DAY.

THE official relationship existing between the chorister and the organist of a Sunday School should be of the most cordial character. The absence of one of the teachers of a

class may not cripple the work, but the absence of either chorister or organist would be a matter far more difficult to overcome: and non-preparation of either of these officers of the school is an error

more to be deprecated than absence. The time has been, and that too, within the recollection of many, that the duty of a Sunday School officer, chorister or organist, begun with the opening and ceased with the closing of each session. Happily for us that day has passed and preparation is the key-note in every successful school. In no other work has the old maxim, "There is no excellence without labor," been more practically demonstrated than in the teaching of the youth.

Draw a contrast between our grammar schools of twenty years ago and those of today and you will find the work of improvement that has been accomplished little less than marvelous. If we inquire into the causes that have produced this change we shall find that it has been in the application of system and preparation. The school teacher of today is not he who makes a failure of every other vocation in life, but it is he who has spent years in preparation, and who every day systematically plans and thoroughly studies his work.

The necessity of preparation by the chorister and organist in their duties is not a whit less than that of a teacher. Some schools are blessed by having a chorister and organist who have made a special study of music. But there are schools where this developed talent is not available, yet there is no reason for discouragement in such schools, for fair success may be attained by ordinary talent through a systematic planning and preparation of the work.

There are many reasons why these officers should be especially well prepared:

1st. The chorister should so familiarize himself with the spirit and feeling of both words and music that he will himself thoroughly appreciate it. In that way he can inspire the children with the same spirit and feelings. There is altogether too much parrot like repetition of words

and music in our Sunday School singing, and too little heart singing, and I know of no better way for a chorister to overcome that fault than by conducting with spirit and feeling.

2d. In order to more thoroughly inspire the children, the teacher should look at the children and they at the teacher. This necessitates a familiarization of both parties with the words of the song which, of course, is also necessary to a proper appreciation of the words.

3d. Perhaps a teacher could make no greater mistake than to attempt to teach music that he does not know. This does not apply alone to the soprano part, for he should be able to teach each of the four parts of a song. So familiar should he be with all the songs on the "learned list" as well as the new songs, that he can leave the sopranos and help the altos, tenors or bassos as the case may require. More particularly should he be prepared to help the altos, as most of our Sunday School singing is two part music. Most of the children prefer to sing the treble, simply, however, I think, because they have not been taught to sing the alto. Where a proper number have learned to sing the alto, not only is the singing much better, but the children appreciate the opportunity of singing the harmony.

4th. In striving for proficiency in this work, very much depends on the organist. A song played through before singing, with precision and spirit, will at once inspire the children to take up the song in the same spirit, while a poorly played prelude rendered in a sleepy spirit will throw a damper on the ardor of the singers. It is therefore necessary that the organist should be prepared on the songs of the day by practicing them over before the school session. Especially does this apply where an organist is not an experienced player.

5th. The time in which a song is sung

has much to do with making the singing what it ought to be, and while it depends upon the chorister to give the tempo, the prelude should be an index to the time of the piece. In order that there may be perfect harmony between the chorister and organist on these points, it is very essential that the musical program for a school be prepared one or two weeks before its rendition. The organist will thus be enabled to practice the pieces and to engage in a mutual discussion as to the tempo and spirit in which they should be rendered.

6th. Inasmuch as the chorister, and organist especially have much to do with the marching of the children, much importance is attached to the proper preparation of the music necessary for that occasion. Appropriate selections should be made and practiced by the organist be-

fore coming to school, that inappropriate music may be avoided, and that the tempo of the march may be graded to suit the step of the children's marching. The tempo may even be changed, during the rendition to suit the conditions arising in each school.

The chorister and organist, in order to successfully teach the songs of the day, will find the battle half fought by practicing the old adage that "Example is better than precept." How can we expect the children to be interested in the Sunday School singing unless those who have charge of it first set the example? If they are well prepared and in earnest about their work, it will arouse enthusiasm in the children which will stimulate a love for the Sunday School songs and a desire to learn them.

Matthew Noall.



IDLENESS, CIGARETTES AND CRIME.

AN interesting contribution to the cigarette discussion comes from Kansas City, Mo. Of the ninety boys incarcerated in the county jail in that city during the six months ending March 31st last, not one was at work when arrested, and all but two were cigarette "fiends." Those of the boys who could be induced to give up the habit were reformed, and when released on parole lived correctly and did well. The few who could not be broken of the habit turned out badly when given a chance to do better.

These facts present a forcible reiteration of the old adage that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Admitting the undoubted evil of cigarette smoking by the young, it will also probably be conceded that sheer idleness, as distinguished from vigorous play, is one

of the most active contributing causes. It is doubtful if out of ninety boys that might be selected at haphazard from the ranks of the school or working boy classes that anything like so large a number as eighty-eight would be found to be addicted to the cigarette habit.

It must be obvious, then, that one very effective means of coping with the evil is to be found in active occupation for the boys. Most boys of tender years should be at school. Cigarette-smoking reformers would do well to study the question as to what can be done to keep the boys either at school or at work, and in this they should be aided by every serious-minded citizen. A boy who has plenty of study or work and plenty of active outdoor play, will have little time or desire for cigarette smoking.—*Exchange.*

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY,

JULY 1, 1905

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George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent.
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent.

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REGULATIONS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ADOPTED BY THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOARD.

THE following rules and regulations for the guidance of our Sunday Schools, adopted by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board at various times have been revised and compiled, and are now published for the benefit of the Sunday School officers and teachers.

On Organization.

1st.—Superintendents and assistant superintendents of Sunday Schools should be selected from among those holding the Melchizedek Priesthood. In instances

where suitable and qualified men holding this Priesthood cannot be found, brethren holding the lesser Priesthood may act as superintendents or assistant superintendents, or in exceptional cases, properly qualified sisters may act in these positions. The Stake Superintendencies should be the presiding officers of the Sunday School Unions of their respective stakes.

2nd.—Where Sunday Schools are organized in the various missions of the Church, it is desirable that the president of the mission select some Elder to act as mission superintendent of Sunday Schools, who will report directly to the Sunday School Union Board. If desirable every conference may have a superintendent of Sunday Schools.

3rd.—In selecting the officers and teachers of a Sunday School, preference should be given to those properly qualified, who practice the Word of Wisdom, honor the Sabbath day, sustain the Priesthood and observe the law of tithing.

On Discipline.

4th.—As soon as a primary or intermediate department or section exceeds the number of fifty, the superintendent should, if he has suitable teachers and sufficient room, divide it into two or more sections. The same lessons should be taught in all sections.

5th.—When the superintendent and the assistant superintendents foresee that they will all be absent from the school, they should appoint some one to take charge, but in case they fail to make such appoint-

ment, it becomes the duty of the secretary to call the roll as usual, the senior male teacher of the theological department should then take charge of the school. Should the Bishop and his Counselors also be absent, the senior theological teacher, providing he holds the requisite Priesthood, should direct the administration of the sacrament.

6th.—The minutes of the Sunday School should always show that the superintendent presides, if he be present. If one of his assistants takes charge in his absence, it should be mentioned upon the minutes, but the superintendent, when present, is always recorded as the presiding officer. After the minutes are read, if there are no amendments, or the amendments offered are approved, the minutes should then be accepted with the uplifted hand.

Teachers who are present when the roll is called at 10 o'clock should be recorded "early."

7th.—When Stake annual Sunday School conferences are held, and local conditions permit, it is preferred that in the future the Sacrament be administered at the morning session, instead of the afternoon.

8th.—It is recommended that the School should remain seated during the opening prayer.

9th.—In the assignment of work for the second year, the Kindergarten Department should take the second year's course, old pupils as well as new.

The same rule should apply to the Primary Department.

In the First Intermediate Department where all classes began with the first year's course, such department will take the second year's course; and where the department was divided so that part took the first and part the third year's course, these classes take the second and fourth years' respectively.

The same rule will apply to the Second Intermediate and Theological Departments.

All Sunday Schools should adopt the two class division in all the departments in preference to the four class division.

All steps from one class into the next higher in a department shall be termed Advancement; and all changes from a department into the next higher shall be termed Promotion.

10th.—The average attendance of the school should be made up from the full attendance of officers, teachers and pupils each Sunday, as ascertained by the secretary. The annual average attendance is ascertained by adding these numbers together and dividing the total by the number of Sunday School sessions held during the year. The result will be the average attendance.

11th.—Rolls should be revised but once a year, and then under the direction of the superintendency; no name should be stricken therefrom except in case of death, removal from ward, or absolute refusal to return to the school (and as to the latter, only by direction of the superintendency), but at the beginning of the year the names of those members who have not been in attendance for six months yet who still reside in the ward and have not absolutely refused to return to the school, may be taken from the active roll, and placed on the supplemental role, which latter should be known as the "Missionary Roll," and be made the basis for missionary work until the names thereon are stricken off by being replaced upon the active role or for one of the three reasons given above.

Teachers of each class should furnish the superintendent at each monthly meeting, a list of class members who have not been in attendance during the month immediately preceding, and from whom no

legitimate excuse has been received or is known to exist.

12th.—The secretary should mark the tardy roll silently and record the result in the minutes.

13th.—When a quarterly conference of the Stake is held, if deemed advisable by the proper authorities, the Suuday School of the ward in which the conference takes place, may convene for a short session and a general program take the place of the regular exercises.

Ordinances and Principles.

14th.—The following instructions from Superintendent George Q. Cannon have been adopted as the general sense of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board:

"Officers and teachers in the Sunday Schools of the Latter-day Saints should be observers of the Word of Wisdom, who live upright lives and perform the obligations required of them, and who are living examples to the children they are called upon to teach. In no office in the Church is it more necessary for persons to be free from the use of intoxicants, tobacco, Sabbath breaking, profanity, etc., as in the case of Sunday School officers and teachers: for they are examples immediately before the children, and this Board should give the appointment of persons so guilty the stamp of disapproval. It is better that a position in a Sunday School should be vacant for a time than that men who are users of intoxicants and tobacco, profaners of Deity and Sabbath breakers, should be set up as teachers of the youth of Zion."

15th.—It is not advisable to require fast day offerings from the children or take up other collections in the Sunday School, the Nickel Fund alone excepted. The Nickel Fund should be collected on the last Sunday in October of each year, and be promptly remitted to the stake treasurer.

16th.—In the absence of the Bishop and Counselors the Superintendent of the Sunday School should, when necessary, instruct those administering the Sacrament to be cautious about breaking more bread than is necessary for use in the school. The residue of the bread broken should be returned to the brother or sister who has furnished it and be put to some good use; it should never be wasted. The greatest cleanliness should be required of those who break the bread. Children should be prohibited from drinking out of the Sacrament cups after the water has been passed, or from interfering with the Sacrament service. Buckets and cups or dippers should be provided for the children to quench their thirst.

Miscellaneous.

17th.—Officers, teachers and members of the Sunday Schools are expected to refrain from wearing badges, political or other, in the Sunday School.

18th.—Superintendents are requested to read at the regular meetings of the teachers all general instructions of the Union Board published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

19th.—Each Sunday School should take one or more copies of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, so that its officers may be in close touch with the Deseret Sunday School Union Board and be informed as to its rulings.

20th.—Superintendents of Sunday Schools are asked to furnish promptly the Stake superintendents and the Deseret Sunday School Union Board with copies of all printed matter originating with them, which they propose to use in their schools.

21st.—Contentions and debates on religious questions, wherein men assume positions for the sake of argument and then undertake to uphold them, should not be permitted in our Sunday Schools.

22nd.—In the announcement of hymns,

superintendents should give the pages of both the hymn book and the song book.

23rd.—Where it can be done without injury to the school, Sunday School choirs should be discontinued and the Board recommend that all regular singing exercises in all Sunday Schools, if possible, be furnished by the whole school under the direction of the chorister; music classes and the teaching of sight reading should be encouraged.

24th.—St. Matthew's version of the Lord's Prayer should be adopted for memory exercises.

25th.—When the authorities are presented, the negative vote should be called.

26th.—The dramatization of sacred subjects should be discouraged in our Sunday Schools, (See article published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Volume 39, page 272.)

27th.—Where thought advisable by the stake or ward superintendent, the Kindergarten and Primary Departments should be dismissed at 11:30.

28th.—Under the approval and direction of the Bishopric, each school should meet once a year in special session, or Ward Sunday School conference, and by vote sustain the officers and teachers of the school. A desirable time to hold such special session is on the Sunday nearest the anniversary of the organization of the school.

Text Books.

29th.—No books, other than the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price, shall be considered as text-books.

30th.—We recognize the importance of and sustain the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the official organ of the Union; the Outlines; the Deseret Sunday School Union Leaflets; the cards published for concert recitation; the Treatise, the Bible and Book of Mormon charts; and other publi-

cations issued by the Union for the use and benefit of our Sunday Schools.

31st.—We recommend as useful and reliable helps in studying the Scriptures and in planning lessons the following works: Articles of Faith, Story of the Book of Mormon, Life of Joseph Smith, by George Q. Cannon, Compendium, the Authorized History of the Church and the Faith Promoting Series.

Interruptions.

One of the most prolific causes of trouble and failure in Sunday School work, is the tendency to adjourn for various causes, such as conferences, funerals, conventions, etc. The Sunday School Board is opposed to such interruptions on account of the bad effect upon the schools. The following circular has been issued by the First Presidency on this subject:

To the Presidents of Stakes and Bishops of Wards.

During the incumbency of President Wilford Woodruff the following circular addressed to Stake Presidents and Bishops, and signed by the First Presidency, was issued, which we hereby recommend:

"The question of conducting Sunday Schools without interruption by General and Stake Conferences, Mutual Improvement Associations, Relief Societies and Primary Associations, has been brought to our attention several times, and some general counsel has been given, but not in such a form as to receive the attention it deserves. Again the subject has been brought before us by the brethren who have spent years of their lives in the Sunday School cause, and who are actively engaged in the management of the affairs of the Sabbath Schools, and after due consideration we have decided that it should be understood throughout all the wards and Stakes of Zion that each Sun-

day morning shall be held exclusively for the Sabbath Schools, and that no organization shall consider itself at liberty to use that part of the Sabbath to the prevention of Sunday Schools being held.

"The general concensus of opinion among leading officers of the Church who have given this subject attention is to the effect that the breaking up of the Sunday Schools even for one Sunday has an injurious effect; and these schools are so important and they are doing so great an amount of good that we feel convinced that it is unwise to permit them to be suspended. We have, therefore, concluded that this request which has been made upon us by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board is consistent and proper,

and we take this method to make it known throughout the Church.

"It is our desire that the superintendents of Sunday Schools be permitted to conduct their schools every Sunday morning without any interruption whatever, even on the Sabbath days when general or quarterly conferences may be held. This is not intended to prevent other organizations holding conferences, providing that in so doing the Sunday Schools are not stopped."

Your brethren,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

JOHN R. WINDER,

ANTHON H. LUND,

First Presidency.



CURRENT TOPICS.

THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN.

FOR weeks all the civilized world had been in suspense and it watched with intense interest and speculation the movements that were to bring two great fleets into a deadly struggle. Away last October, the Russian Baltic Fleet set sail from Kronstadt, the naval base, to St. Petersburg, upon a journey of 17,000 miles in order that Russia, with her most powerful fleet, might retrieve, if possible, the misfortunes that had befallen her in the loss of her great vessels in the Chinese Sea. Upon reaching the North Sea, the Russian vessels encountered some fishing smacks, and without justification or excuse fired upon them. The circumstance aroused Great Britain to fever heat, but war was prevented by an arrangement, through

which the guilt in the matter was to be determined by arbitration. The Russians, in a haughty mood, proceeded along the Atlantic until they reached the Straits of Gibraltar, when one division went by way of the Cape of Good Hope around Africa, and the other through the Suez canal. The fleet met again at Madagascar, where it remained several months. But as the war dragged on it became necessary for Russia to confess either that the movement of the Baltic fleet was a mere bluff, or to order the fleet on to Japanese waters. Rojestvensky, the rear admiral in charge violated the principles of international neutrality by putting into harbor off the south-eastern coast of China in territory under control of Russia's ally, France. It was expected by many that the Japanese would rush out to meet the Russians as soon as the latter

entered Chinese waters. Rumored reports were circulated that a great naval engagement had taken place, and that the Japanese must have been annihilated, for nothing was heard of them. Day after day passed by until finally it was announced that Rojestvensky had determined to take his fleet through the Korean straits, between Japan and Korea. But the Japanese waited. They had selected their fighting ground and had been successful in keeping the whereabouts of their fleet a complete secret.

On May 27, when the Russians arrived opposite Harry Clark's Sound on the south-eastern coast of Korea, the Japanese sailed out to meet them. Here in the straits the great Battle of the Sea of Japan was fought. The conflict resulted in the almost total annihilation of the Russian squadron. Russia lost her six great battleships, and ten or twelve large cruisers and destroyers were either sunk or blown up. Eight thousand sailors were either slain or drowned, and four thousand Russians were taken prisoners. On the side of the Japanese only three or four torpedo boats were destroyed, and the Japanese reported 113 killed and 424 wounded.

All the secrets of the Japanese success may never be known, especially if the Japanese used sub-marine boats. It is quite certain that the waters through which the Russians passed were mined and that the torpedo boats played an important part in the destruction of the great battleships and cruisers. Another feature of the conflict was the manner of the Japanese attack. The great ships of her fleet would center their united fire upon a single Russian ship till it was disposed of, and beneath this concentrated fire the Russians became confused and helpless, and the world is busily speculating now about how it was all done.

From the moment the Russians entered

the Chinese Sea, their whereabouts, by means of wireless telegraphy and scouting boats, was perfectly known to Togo. No doubt, had the Russians undertaken to reach Vladivostok by passing out into the Pacific Ocean and through Tsugari Strait, the Japanese would have met them there. However, Rojestvensky was really compelled to go boldly in quest of Togo, and had he undertaken to run away from the Japs, and reach Vladivostok without giving battle, he would have submitted himself to the ridicule of all the world, because, nominally, his fleet was superior to that of the Japanese. Again, the Russians had been boastful of what their fleet would do when it met the Japanese. All conspired, even the commands of the emperor, to force Rojestvensky into battle. Besides, the Japs might have continued to remain about Mesampo Bay on the southeast of Korea and let the Russians sail around into Vladivostok, and then bottle them up there, as they had been bottled up in Port Arthur. The thing the Japanese were most concerned about was their ability to keep open the water-way between Japan and those Korean and Manchurian ports through which communication had been established with the great Manchurian army in the interior. If the Russians had run away from the task of dislodging the Japs from their position by which they guarded the Korean Strait, they would have become the laughing stock of the world.

The defeat of the Russians was complete. The Japanese have celebrated the occasion with due modesty, and Togo is as silent as ever. Just before the battle he gave the laconic command: "The destiny of our empire depends upon this action. You are all expected to do your utmost." After his victory, the modest announcement to his emperor was made in these words: "That we have gained success beyond our expectation is due to

the brilliant virtue of your majesty and the protection of the spirits of your imperial ancestors, and not to the action of

any human being. We shall be faithful and answer to the imperial will."



A SWISS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

OUR picture represents the Latter-day Saints Sunday School at Thun, in the Swiss Oberlands. The branch at Thun is one of the largest, as far as territory is concerned, in the Church as it is about ninety miles from one end to the other. The Gospel has been preached in that region for over fifty-two years, and the work of the Lord is still progressing. At the present time meetings are held in nine different places in the branch, and Sunday Schools in three places. Nine months ago the Sun-

day School shown in our picture had only fifteen children attending it. The interest manifested by the Elders and the love shown to the children has caused it to increase to the number that our picture presents. Probably only one fifth of those attending are members of the Church. The Elders laboring in that district are David Hirschi, of Salem, Idaho, Orson N. Bangerter, of Bountiful, and Conrad Wever, and Julius F. Gertsch, of Salt Lake City.



THE THUN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

PEACE TO THEE, LITTLE ONE.

Words by L. L. Greene Richards.

Music by J. G. Fones.

1. Peace to thee lit - tle one, Gone from our fold; Quickly thy
2. Let not our hearts re-main, 'Neath the cold sod, Where thy fair
3. Though from thy mother's breast, Death car - ries thee, By an - ge,

race was run, Thy stor - y told. Peace to the hearts that mourn,
form is lain; Leads un - to God, Where thy pure spir - it bright,
arms carress'd, Now thou art free, In glo - ry like the sun -

sad - ly be - reft and torn, Christ hath all sorrows borne—God's will be done.
basks in e - ter - nal light, Where there is no more night, No death nor pain.
God's lov - ing will be done, Peace to thee, lit - tle one; rest, darling, rest.



IN THE MORNING.

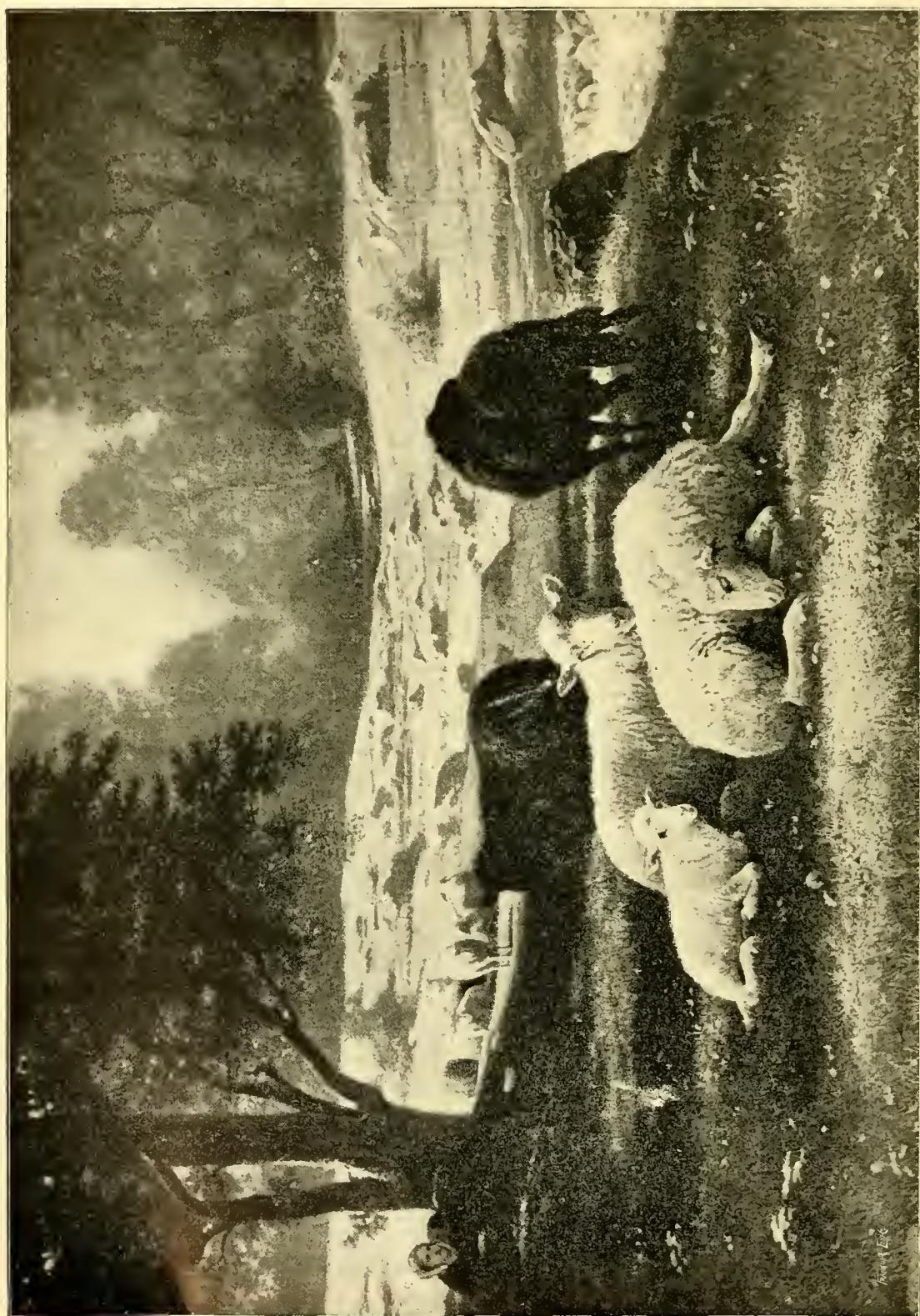
Reggalerly, every day,
When my poppa's gotten up,
I can see him far away
Mixin' sumpin' in a cup;
I can hear him slappy-slap
With a knife against a strap.

He is such a funny sight
In the mirror on the shelf,
With his chin all blobby white,
Makin' faces at himself!

But I must n't laugh, or he
Comes and rubs it off on me!

Poppa says, when I'm growed up,
With some troubles an' a wife,
I can have a mixer-cup
An' a shiny, crooked knife;
But he says I must begin
Gettin' prickers on my chin.

Success.



SHEPHERDESS AND FLOCKS.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris

SECOND SUNDAY, JULY 9TH, 1905.

1. Song.

“Sunshine Song.” E. Smith, page 48.

2. Hymn.

“God’s Love,” Hill, page 72.

3. Lord’s Prayer.

4. Song.

Choose.

5. Morning Talk.

(During the warm summer months it is more difficult to keep children quiet than it is in cold weather; unless the teacher is very much alive and well prepared to instruct and entertain her little ones, they will become restless.

It is well sometimes to let the children in turn choose songs to be sung or for the teacher to suggest some, thus having a singing practice for a short time).

Why do we come to Sunday School?
Children. Teacher.

(Let the children tell first why they attend and what they like best in the school—singing, stories, etc. One child said he went to Sunday School because “My mama made me mind,” adding, “Big folks don’t have to mind anybody. We must all mind those placed over us, whether we be young or old.)

Obedience to authority: children, teachers and superintendency.

7. Bible Story.

Israelites gather manna.

After the children of Israel had crossed the Red sea, they traveled in the wilderness—over land where no people lived—for nearly two months and then they began to find fault and to murmur agains-

Moses and his brother Aaron, their leaders.

They said they had no bread nor meat to eat as they had in Egypt and that Moses and Aaron were taking them away so they would die of hunger. But the Lord heard the people’s complainings and told Moses that he would try them again to see if they would obey His laws. The Lord said He would send them bread from heaven and that each person there must gather just as much as he or she needed to eat each day and no more, except on the sixth day, when they must gather enough to last them for two days, for none would be sent to them on the Sabbath. The Lord commanded that that day should be a day of rest, in it there should be no work done, for then, as now, one day in seven was the Lord’s Day, in which all of His children should serve and worship Him.

When the Israelites left their tents in the morning the ground was covered with dew, looking almost like frost or snow, and when the dew was gone, they found tiny round things, like small seeds, very white, and they tasted like “wafers made with honey.” This was the bread which the Lord had sent to them from heaven. And when they saw it they said one to another, “This is manna,” for they had never seen anything like it before.

Most of the people did as Moses told them, but some of them gathered more manna than they needed, thinking to save it to eat the next day, but when they went for it the next morning, what do you think had happened? It was full of worms and “stank” very bad, and Moses was angry because they had disobeyed the Lord.

Others forgot or neglected to gather enough manna on the sixth to last over the seventh, and when they went out for their bread on the Sabbath morning, there was none to be found, and they had to go without any that day.

So the Lord tried the Israelites, and great blessings followed them when they were obedient, just like they come to all who serve the Lord.

7. Sing.

“Thumbs and Fingers say Good Morning,” Smith p. 52

8. Sing.

Flag Song.

9. Story.

Retell the story of the four seasons, JUVENILE, March 1st, page 149, emphasizing the summer's work. Points may be added from the story of the “Twelve Months,” JUVENILE, January 1st, page 25, or choose your own story if you prefer.

10. Children's Period.

11. Closing Song and Prayer.

12. March and Song.

“Here We Go,” JUVENILE. May 15th, p. 300

THIRD SUNDAY, JULY 16TH.

Thought for teacher: Obedience.

1. Song.

“In a Hedge.”

2. Hymn.

Hill, page 72.

3. Prayer.

4. Song.

Choose.

5. Morning Talk.

Prepare your own talk for introducing your morning work.

6. Review.

Manna sent from heaven.

SUGGESTIONS.

How long had the Israelites traveled in the wilderness when they began to complain against Moses?

Why did they complain?

What did they want? Why?

Who helped Moses?

What did the Lord send from heaven?

What did the Israelites call it? What was it like? Where was the manna found? Each person had to gather his or her own manna? Why? What happened if manna was kept over night during the week? No manna was sent on the Lord's day. Why? What happened if a double portion was not gathered on the sixth day? How was the Sabbath observed? How should the Sabbath be kept at the present time? Day of rest. Why?

DO THIS WAY AND THAT WAY.

Did you ev - er see a las - sie, a las - sie, a las - sie, Did you
 ever see a las - sie do this way and that? Do this way and that way? Do
 this way and that way? Did you ev - er see a las - sie do this way and that.

7 Rest Exercise.

Go through different motions, keeping time with the music, as:

Nod head to right, then to left.
 Swing right arm back then forward.
 Swing left arm back then forward.
 Clap hands softly, loudly, quickly, slowly.

Hands on hips, (standing) turn body to right, to left, lean backward, forward.

Hold head still, move eyes to right, left.

Swing right foot back, forward.
 Swing left foot back, forward.
 Bend knees, stand straight.
 Ring a bell. Sow seeds, pull weeds.
 Pick flowers, march to Sunday School, etc., etc.

(The children may be asked to suggest things to do, the one showing the activity and leading stepping to the centre.)

Or fingers on both hands may be the fish—suit action to the following words:

See the fishes in the brook
 Rising, sinking, look, look, look,
 Now they're straight, and now they bend
 Their merry playing knows no end,
 Their merry playing knows no end.

8. Story.

THE OLD GRAY HORSE.

The day was very warm, so Mama Duck called her six children to her and said, "Come, we will all go down to the pond and have a swim."

Five of the little ducks flapped their wings and started off over the grass, toward the pond, at once; but something, perhaps it was the warm day, had made Downy, the smallest duck, cross, so he hung back, and when Mama Duck called him he said, "I don't want to swim."

"Come down on the shady bank, then, and watch us," his mother answered. But Downy shook his head and said in a still

more whining voice, "I don't want to sit on the bank."

"Then what would you like to do?
 "Nothing."

"Well," said the mama, "because you are cross you must not spoil the day for others. If you can think of something that you would like to do to make some one happy, you may do it, otherwise you must come with me to the pond. I will count ten while you decide what you will do."

Turning around, Mama Duck picked at the blades of grass ten times, but before she could speak again Downy was at her side, and he whispered softly, "Mama, I will go down in the pasture and talk to the old gray horse."

So Downy waddled under the pasture fence and across the grass to where the old horse stood in the shade of the leafy trees, while Mama Duck hurried on to swim with her other children.

"Good morning, Old Gray," called Downy. "How are you today?"

"Is that you, Downy?" asked the horse, "I am so glad you have come. I have been wishing for some one to talk to. The sun is very warm today, so I have been enjoying these shade trees."

"Yes," answered Downy, "but there are a few dark clouds over in the west, so we may have a shower."

As the duck talked, it drew nearer and nearer to the horse.

"Be careful," said Old Gray, "don't come too near my feet, I would not hurt you for anything, but, you know, I cannot see."

Old Gray had been a hard worker and had served his master well when he was young; but now he was so old that he could not see, so the good farmer, who owned him, had turned him into the fresh green pasture to eat and to rest. The farmer's children often climbed on his back and petted him, or picked handfuls of lucern for him to eat. Everyone liked

Old Gray, but he sometimes grew lonesome and like to be talked to about the things which he could no longer see.

"Did you hear that?" asked Downy. "There are three baby robins in the nest in the cottonwood tree, and they are calling for their dinner."

"Yes," answered Old Gray, "they are very hungry birds. They keep their parents very busy now-a-days."

"All the sheep are down by the river."

"Indeed!"

"The Jersey cow has a little baby calf."

"Good!"

"There are five swallows' nests under the eaves of the barn."

"Well! well!"

"The cherries are ripe and the shed is full of new hay. We have fresh corn for dinner every day, and the garden looks lovely."

(Add interesting points in which your children are interested.)

No telling how many other things Downy might have thought of that would

have been interesting to the old horse had he not heard "Quack, quack, quack!" just behind him, and turning he saw his mother, cool and shining after her bath.

"Why, Downy, I expected to find you back at the barnyard; dinner is almost eaten up, so unless you hurry, you will have to wait till supper time."

Downy looked at the sun and was very much astonished to find it was so late, so he bade Old Gray good-by.

"Good-by, come again, little friend, you have made me very happy," answered the horse. And as Downy waddled back to the barnyard he whispered to his mother: "I will try not to be cross again, mama. I did not know how happy one could feel by trying to help another. I am sure I have enjoyed my visit with the old gray horse as much as you enjoyed your bath."

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Song and Prayer.

11. March Out.

"Here We Go," JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
May 15, page 300.



THE VOICE OF GOD.

Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier Power?

Hast thou not heard, 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

And as upon the sacred page
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,

Hath not thy heart within thee burned?

It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart,
And bade each holier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God! Oh, yet be near,
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace,
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease

Selected.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

JULY.

The golden-sweets are ripening
On the summer apple trees;
We feast on new potatoes,
And the luscious, sweet green peas.

The "glorious Fourth" is welcome,
Be the weather wet or dry,
And Utah's Pioneer day, too,
In merry, old July.



THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XI.

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

Thomas Moore.

Shid—an Eastern Story.

LET'S have a real good fire, Jemmy, and open the stove doors so that it can shine on us all, while I work. And now for your story," said Carl, settling himself on his bench and taking up a boot he had to mend.

Jem quickly and quietly followed Carl's directions and then seated himself near the young shoemaker, where he could help in making a wax-end, or

reach any tool that might be needed in the boot mending, and said,

"I will tell a story of the east that I read and liked."

"Jem has a wonderful memory for a story that he likes," said Ted. "I'll warrant we shall have this one word for word as it is in the book."

"All the better," said Digit. And Jem began:

"In the east it happened once that two tribes of people were having a ferocious war for the possession of certain rich lands. The two generals—Esklaid and Darith—were fourth cousins, and years before the two tribes had been one people. But they had grown to be a great people, and they had separated, and now they were two tribes, and they both laid claim to the lands which they were fighting over.

Esklaid was old, but he was still strong and wise, and his people almost adored him. He was their chief ruler in peace as well as their great general in war.

Darith was young, but he, too, was very wise and powerful, and was fairly worshiped by the people of his tribe, and he ruled over them as did Esklaid over his.

One day, when the two armies were not fighting, but were spying about each

other's camps to see where attacks might be made to advantage, some of Darith's soldiers found a young, bright boy belonging to the people of Esklaid.

The soldiers talked with the boy, who said his name was Shid. And they found him so intelligent and well informed that they were sure he could tell much that would help them a great deal if he only would; but he was too sharp for them; they could make nothing of anything he would say.

The boy wanted to leave the soldiers and go his own way, but the men kept him and took him to Darith, who was in his tent with some of his counselors.

Darith received Shid very kindly and asked him to sit down.

When the soldiers had told Darith how smart the boy was and how he might help them if he could be made to, Darith said he would talk with him, and sent the soldiers away on other duties.

The chief then asked Shid if he really knew anything about the arrangements and plans which Esklaid and his soldiers were making in order to defeat him and his men.

Shid answered so bravely that all who heard him were struck with wonder.

"Yes, noble Darith," he said, "I know all about their doings, and how, if you continue to fight with them, they will beat you and drive you off from their lands. But I will never give you one thing about it, so it is useless for you to keep me here. You would be wiser to send me home and to withdraw your troops and declare peace with Esklaid before your men are all killed."

Darith waited a short time before replying to this bold declaration. Then he said with as much firmness and awe-inspiring earnestness as the boy had manifested,

"Yes, you will give us something, Shid! You will give us something that will

bring about marvelous results. I know you will."

Darith spoke with so much vehemence that Shid seemed startled, and rising to his feet, he threw his small, straight arms upward with such strength and litheness that it appeared almost supernatural, and cried out with great force,

"O God, my Father, let me die rather than betray my people!"

At the same instant there was the sound of a shot from some unseen quarter, and Shid reeled and fell—not to the ground, for Darith caught him in his arms. The boy was dead. Every means possible were immediately used to try to restore Shid to life, and also to discover the cause of his death, but to no purpose. There was no spot or mark on the body to show where the death blow had struck him, yet its work had been sure.

Darith was much agitated by this singular occurrence. He would not allow the boy's lifeless form to be taken from him, but insisted upon bearing it to Esklaid and telling the strange story himself to the child's friends. He had a covering about his shoulders which hid the boy from sight, and with two trusty companions he went forth and sought out the tent of the old chief Esklaid.

Darith with one of his men waited outside the tent while he sent the other one in to meet Esklaid, and to say that Darith had ventured to come himself with a great and important message which he could not trust to be brought by another.

Esklaid appeared somewhat suspicious and uneasy at first, but soon he became reassured, and said,

"I have heard only honorable things spoken of Darith. I will trust him. Let him come in and speak with me."

The young chief then entered the tent of the old one, and the two looked fearlessly into each other's eyes. Esklaid said,

"You come for counsel, my son. I am glad. Sit down, and lay your burden by."

Darith was much moved. He sat down, but did not disclose what the burden was that he carried for some time. With great effort, he finally controlled his feelings sufficiently to speak. He said,

"Noble Esklaid, I bring you very sorrowful tidings. Be prepared to behold in death one of your truest, bravest and most loyal subjects. Shid, the grandest child I have ever met, is dead."

Then he uncovered the face of the corpse that lay upon his knees.

Esklaid's grief was very great when he saw that Shid was dead. The whole, wonderful, though brief story, was accurately told to the old chief, who walked the floor of the tent and wrung his hands while he listened. And he answered that Shid had a young and beautiful mother, who was a widow, and whose heart would be broken by this terrible blow.

"Shall we send for her, and break the dreadful news to her here very gently?" asked Darith.

"We will do so," answered Esklaid. And it was done.

The sublime and heroic fortitude with which the wondrously beautiful young mother bore the crushing bereavement which had come so suddenly upon her was so remarkable that all the officers and soldiers who witnessed it felt like falling at her feet in adoring sympathy.

A grave was made for Shid among those of the most renowned and revered heroes of his people.

While the body was being buried away out of sight, the two generals, Esklaid and Darith, stood on either side of the brave and beautiful Ivlan, the young widowed mother of little Shid.

When the sad rites were finished, Ivlan took a hand of each of the warriors, and placing them together, she said,

"Let this be enough. Stop the war. Talk the council of peace. Divide the lands and set the soldiers to tilling them. Let the early death of my Shid not be in vain. Let no more mothers be bereft. Let us live in love, and so honor God!"

The generals both kissed Ivlan's hands, then they embraced each other, and wept on each other's necks. Darith was first to speak.

"Shall it be so, my father?" he asked. And Esklaid answered,

"It shall be as hath spoken the mother of Shid."

Peace was immediately declared throughout the land. And three months later, Darith, who had loved Ivlan from the first moment he saw her, became her best beloved and most honored husband, for the father of little Shid had been a hot-tempered and tyrannical man in his lifetime.

Many noble and beautiful sons and daughters were born to Darith and Ivlan, and they were very happy in each other's love. But they never forgot brave, true little Shid, and they often told of his mysterious death, the cause of which never was nor could be accounted for.

"That's a fine story," said Carl: "I wonder if it's true?"

"Of course it's true," laughed Ted. "Who would make up a story like that without a bit of fun in it? Yours will be truer, though, Carl. And now let's have it."

"Yes, Carl," said Jem, in the sweet, coaxing voice he always had for his "best friend," and with a smiling look in his great, blue eyes that it would have been hard for anyone to resist, "it is truly your turn now, and I want to hear your story so very much!"

"And you shall have it, Jemmy, just as good as I can tell it for you," answered Carl. "I will not try to crawl out of it

any longer, however awkward I feel over it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE LETTER BOX.

Answer to Riddle in June 16th Letter-Box.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I can't write rhyme like Cland did in guessing my charade and in giving his riddle. But with mama's help I have guessed the riddle. We think the answer to it is *Work*. I hope some more of the little writers will make charades and riddles for the Letter-Box. I like them.

SUSIE THORNE.

Susie's "guess" is the word Claud sent with his riddle. "Work" is the correct answer.—[EDITOR.

57

A Bite or a Sting.

TORREY, WAYNE C., UTAH.

We wonder if you will let us into your circle, because we want to tell you of an accident which happened today to our little friend, Leona Cameron, aged nine years. We were up on a ditch bank, sitting on the sand and talking about our gardens.

All at once Leona jumped up and screamed and said a bug had bitten her. And we all jumped up and screamed too. Brother Forsythe was working just a little way ahead of us. When we all screamed, (there were seven of us), Brother Forsythe came down to see what was the matter. And we told him Leona had been bitten by a scorpion. So we went to a house not far off. We have all learned a lesson we think, and we advise all children not to play in the sand. Last February there was a little baby here that was very sick, it had almost passed away, and the Elders came in and admin-

istered to it and it has not been sick a moment since. With love to all,

EMILY COVINGTON, aged 12 years.

MARGY JACOBS, aged 14 years.

Little Folks:—Please kindly note the deficiency in the above interesting letter. Our interest is awakened in Leona, and then we are left to imagine whatever we can in regard to her case. This fault is very common. In two or three lines more our pleasant little writers, Emily and Margy, might have told us whether it was really a scorpion, or some less poisonous and less dangerous insect by which Leona was hurt, whether the injury proved severe or otherwise and by what means, if any, relief was administered. Scorpions are supposed to sting, not bite.—[EDITOR.

58

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic, where I slept

When I was a boy—a little boy—

In through the lattice the moonlight crept,

Bringing a tide of dreams that swept

Over a low, red trundle-bed,

Bathing the tangled, curly head,

While the moonbeams played at hide-and-seek

With the dimples on the sunbrowned cheek—

When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh! the dream—the dreams I dreamed!

When I was a boy—a little boy!

For the grace that through the lattice streamed

Over my folded eyelids seemed

To have the gift of prophecy,

And to bring the glimpses of time to be

When manhood's clarion seemed to call,

Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all

When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep

When I was a boy—a little boy!

For in at the lattice the moon would peep,

Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep

The crosses and griefs of the years away

From the heart that is weary and faint today;

And those dreams should give me back again

A peace I have never known since then—

When I was a boy—a little boy!

Eugene Field.



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